The Aleutain Islands

The raspy whisper of the waves creates a spooky feeling. The tropical trees rustle in the wind. Squish, squish the sloppy murmur of graces feet on top of the wet sand. She stared into the dark night, getting a glimpse of the moon that hides behind the clouds. Graces curly blonde hair strangled helplessly across her face. Her hazel eyes and slim body shivers in the cold night. She thinks of the beautiful cruise ship she had just been on. She was wishing to have the delicious food, lovely waiters, delicate silk curtains back again.

The last few hours had been a blur. Passing like lighting. She had been playing with her little sister, tug-o-war and she had let go and fell off the side. It wasn’t a long fall at all, but there was no way back up. The ship left her, hopeless, her sister ran for help but it was already too late. She swam for hours on end, being the bravest that she could be. Tired and worn she looked at her hands, her skin had started to flake off. She didn’t want to go any longer but if she found an island to stayon for thenight then they might come back searching for her.

“I have to do this” she thought she put her feet down only to realise thatshe could touch the bottom! She walked upwards and that’s when she found it. The Aleutain islands.

Grace flopped onto the ground, not caring one bit about getting sand all through her hair. She found herself dozing off, dreaming of her family.

She woke to the sun on her back, providing warmth and comfort. Standing up she stretched her muscles. Walking up to the trees her legs were so stiff but it soon wore off. This looked exactly like a movie, looking so fake but so amazing. Grace stepped through this mysterious jungle, trying not to trip on any sticks or branches. There was nothing in sight she could see to eat. “I have to find something. I have to, I have to…” she repeated to herself, desperate with hunger and thirst. Grace glanced up the tree and saw a bird. It was beautiful, a black body with blue and aquamarine coloured wings. Grace was so fascinated by the look that it was only after a while she realised it was eating something. Food.

She had to get up this tree. Somehow. She will find a way. She hugged the tree and pushed herself up, scratching herself but she didn’t care at all. Climbing higher and higher, ripping her clothes.

As she came closer her visibility became clearer and she saw that the bird had been eating berries. There was hundreds! She made it to the top and grabbed as many as she could. She slid down the tree, hands, top and arms all overflowing with berries. She stuffed them in her mouth.

As soon as she bit her teeth together the sweet and sour burst of tangy flavour hit her taste buds. She couldn’t get enough. Eating more and more, quenching her thirst and filling her hunger. No wonder the bird had been eating these. Once she had finished her feast she kept on searching the island.

She walked for about 2 hours and came to a clearing. On that side it was rocky. There was a huge ditch that spread right across the bottom of the rocks. At the bottom there was a river, flowing fast with heaps of rapids. There was no way down there so Grace just turned around and kept going back through the forest. She came back to the beach. She had only been to the middle but now she explored down the beach.

She walked slowing, thinking of what had happened. Will she ever get rescued? She didn’t know, but for now she would have to wait and see.